

The Messenger.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1874.

Love, Drink and Debt.
Son of man! the world before you
Spreads a thousand secret snares
Round the feet of every mortal
Who treads life's long highway far.
Three equal, let me warn you,
Are by every traveler met:
Treachery, to try your might of virtue—
They are Love and Drink and Debt.

Love, my boy, there's no escaping.
'Tis the common fate of men;
Father had it; I have had it—
But for love you had not been.
Take your chances, but be cautious;
Know a quail is not a dove;
Be the upright man of honor;
All deceit doth murder love.

As for drink, avoid it wholly;
Like an adder it will sting;
Crown the earliest temptation
Humble not the dangerous thing.
See the wrecks of men around—
Once as air and pure as you—
Mark the warning! 'Shun the pathway
And the hell they're tottering through.

Yet, though love be pure and gentle,
And from drink you may be free,
With a yearning heart I warn you
'Gainst the worst of all the three.
Many a demon has been driven
By the power of the three,
Buyer's Christian Pilgrim met;
They were lured, 'e'en old Apollon,
To the awful demon Debt!

With quaking heart and face ashen,
The wretched debtor goes;
He starts at shadows, lest they be
The shadows of men he owes.
Down silent streets he furtive steals,
The face of man to shun;
He shivers at the postman's ring,
And fears the dreadful dun.

Beware of Debt! Once in a while
A slave for evermore;
If caught tempt you, shun "No!"
And show it to the door.
Cold water and a crust of bread
May be the best you'll get;
Accept them like a man, and swear—
"I'll never run in debt!"

GETTING OUT OF A DILEMMA.
THE STORY OF A MARRIED COURTSHIP.
I was a young man, possessed
Of sufficient means to enable me
To live at ease, and retain from labor
A goodly sum, when suddenly there
Came a blow that scattered my
Prosperity to the winds, and forced
Me to employ my labor and wit
In the general struggle of gaining a
living. The blow came in the
shape of a failure of a large firm
in which my capital was invested.
After securing a clerkship in the
house of a creditor of our late
firm, my next care was to look up
a less expensive boarding-house
than the fashionable one in which
I was living. I inserted an advertisement
in several widely circulated
city papers, asking for reasonable
board in a strictly private family,
and of course received a multitude
of answers by the next post.
Out of this motley instant of
epistles there was but one that
pleased me, and that one I decided
to answer in person immediately.

Grace Kingsley was the name
of the favored lady writing to me,
and the letter stated that her
house was entirely private, having
no boarders whatever. I was much
pleased with the lady's delicate hand
writing, and the idea took possession
of me that Grace was a young
and fascinating widow. I was not
disappointed when I reached the
house, and my ringing at the door
bell was answered by the lady herself.
She invited me into the parlor,
in a manner so courteous and
yet so modest, that I had fallen
desperately in love with her before
I could cross the threshold.

prospect, and stated that if I was
not already married I should at
once enter into the wedded state,
and let him know of it, or he would
never more be an uncle of mine.
Now, as my uncle lived in Ver-
mont and I in Philadelphia, and I
never anticipated that he would
pay me a visit and discover the
falsehood, I wrote and informed
him that I was not only married,
but the father of a bouncing baby.
This intelligence so pleased my
uncle that he sent me a gold goblet
and a silver paper-plate to be pre-
sented to my child. I at first sat down
and wrote a romantic letter to my
uncle, thanking him for the pre-
sent, and then visited the nearest
jewelry store, and turned both the
goblet and spoon into cash, which
I pocketed.

I had received no further letters
from my uncle until the one I read
in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The
postscript to this note not only as-
tonished, but absolutely frightened
me. It read as follows:
"P.S. I have never visited Phila-
delphia, so I have decided to do
so at once, and get a look at you
and your wife and child. You may
expect me about the tenth of the
month."

"Good gracious! my uncle is
coming to visit me!" I exclaimed,
'tis part the tenth of the month
now! I don't know at what
moment he may pay in what I
do for a wife and child?
At that moment there came a
terrible pull at the door bell, as if
the man who pulled it imagined
that he owned the house and could
make as much noise as he pleased.
A sickening sensation took possession
of me, for I had a premonition
that it was my uncle. Now, my
good fortune would have it, Mrs.
Kingsley had gone out to a neigh-
boring store for a few moments and
had requested me to have an eye
on the child while she was gone,
so that it wouldn't fall out of the
cradle and hurt itself. As I glanced
at the cradle and thought of my
uncle at the door, a bright idea
entered my mind. I determined
in case the visitor proved to be my
uncle, to claim the youthful occu-
pant as my own.

The visitor proved to be my
uncle. I knew him by the pictures
of him I had seen, and he likewise
knew me by my photograph. After
a mutual recognition of each other
and hand shaking I ushered my honored
relative into the parlor, and intro-
duced him to my newly claimed
offspring.

"There, uncle," I said, "is the first
pledge of our married life. I assure
you I take pleasure in present-
ing to you my little daughter, who
is a fine specimen of the female
sex. I have named her after my
uncle, and she is a perfect little
thing."

"That was a knotty question for
me to answer, for he was just as
much acquainted with it as I was.
But it could not be helped, and I
answered on the subject, and so I
answered at last, and that one I
decided to answer in person immediately.

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of the favored lady writing to me,
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She invited me into the parlor,
in a manner so courteous and
yet so modest, that I had fallen
desperately in love with her before
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"But, Charley," he said, again ad-
dressing me, "what did you do with
the goblet and silver paper-plate I sent to
the little one?"
"Oh, they are perfectly safe," I
assured him, "I replied, 'I have taken
good care of them.'"
"Yes, but where in the deuce
are they? I would like very much
to take another look at them."

"Well, I have deposited them in a
bank for safe keeping, but I can
readily produce them—that is in
the course of a week's time!"
He told me to do so, as he wanted
to see them, and then I got out
of the room, for fear that he might
ask me some more perplexing ques-
tions.

A short time afterward Mrs.
Kingsley came to me, when I was
alone in an adjoining room, and I
saw immediately that something
very humorous must have hap-
pened, for the corners of her lips were
breaking into smiles.
"Do you know, sir, into what an
awkward predicament you have
got me?" she inquired, as she took
a seat on the lounge by my side.
"Explain yourself," I said.
"Why, your uncle came to me a
short time ago, and asked to see
my marriage certificate, and he
said he had some money to settle
upon me immediately, but he wanted
to be sure that everything was
right first."

"Did you expose me?" I inquired
anxiously.
"No, sir, I did not; for I never
entered into a deception or anything
else by halves."

"I was so elated that I could not
withstand the temptation of em-
bracing her. This did not make
her angry, for she nestled her head
cosily on my shoulder and smiled
sweetly."

"What answer did you make him?"
She hesitated for a moment, and
then said, "I promised to produce
the marriage certificate."

"But we haven't got any," I re-
marked.
"I indulged in a quiet little
laugh, but said nothing."

How a Farmer Outwitted a Mon-
ey-lender.
A farmer—we will call him
Smith, for short—lives in Madison
county, and would be known, at
least by reputation, to many of our
readers were his right name given.
But the incident we are about to
relate, though coming to us in a
remote way, was known to few
outside the neighborhood. Farmer
Smith lived in a quiet way, and
was supposed to have accumulated
something ahead, besides having a
pretty good farm. After his second
son had been married about a
year, he concluded to settle near
the old man's, if he could rent a
place.

Hearing of this, Mr. Thompson,
again we withhold the true name—
thought there might be a chance
to sell a certain place on pretty
fair terms. Mr. Thompson was a
money-lender, and nothing suited
him so well as good interest, back-
ed by good security, and he was
moreover generally considered a
pretty good fellow.

He rode over to see old man
Smith, but the farmer said he did
not feel able to buy—he might buy
on credit if the price was low
enough and the interest was not
too high. His son "Jackey," he
said, would be glad to pay for the
farm himself, if the trade was
made, but his son was a good farmer,
and he thought it would be all
right—at least the land would be
paid for, and he would be glad for
what remained unpaid if his son should
fail. What seemed to startle the
old fellow was twelve per cent. in-
terest that Thompson wanted.

Finally, however, after a great
deal of talk, the price was agreed
on at \$20,000, one fifth cash, and
notes at one, two, three and four
years, with twelve per cent. interest
from date for the remainder. The
contract was drawn, and they were
about to sign, when the farmer
suggested that if he should ever
get more money than was due on
the notes, he wanted to be allowed
to pay it, and count off the twelve
per cent. The proposition seemed
reasonable enough to Thompson,
and he could not object to its inser-
tion in the contract, and so the
document was signed in duplicate.

The deed was to be ready, the
notes drawn, and the first payment
made on the following Saturday.
When the time arrived, both
were punctually on hand, the first
\$4,000 was paid, and the notes were
ready for signature. "Mr.
Thompson," said farmer Smith, "I
don't think that interest, I've
gathered in some little money, and
I'll pay you now, and pay part of it,
and pull from my breast pocket a
roll of money—just count that."

The money was counted, and with
12 per cent. of the first note was
paid.
When Thompson had pocketed the
roll, again Smith said: "I've
got a son, John, in Madison, Mr.
Thompson, and as soon as he heard
I was buying a farm for Jackey,
he sent me a little money—pulling a
roll from his right breeches pocket,
and so whatever it is well cred-
it on the next note, if you have
no objection." Again the money
was counted, and with the 24 per
cent. off, just paid the note to a
Zigal.

When Thompson had pocketed the
roll, again Smith said: "I've
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was counted, and with the 24 per
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AGRICULTURAL.

Patent Wrongs.
We have, in time past, heard and
seen much about "Patent Rights,"
it might not be amiss to say a word
on the other side of the question,
viz: Patent Wrongs.

For the encouragement of enter-
prise and to reward uncommon
talent, well regulated governments
have made laws to secure a monopoly
for a limited time, to inventors.
This much is fair to inventors, and
to the public who benefit by the in-
ventions.
The length of time for which a
patent is granted should be regu-
lated by the importance and value
of the invention.

The interests of the public should
be paramount, and the interests of
the inventor secured only in mak-
ing laws to regulate patents.
The above is theory on patent
rights. Now let us see if the prac-
tice does not produce patent
wrongs.
As an example—the McCormick
reaper was a great invention.
A drive wheel, by means of cones
and connecting rods runs a sickle
and saves time and labor. This was
the principle on which it worked,
and a patent for a limited time was
granted, and was a "Patent Right."
When that limited time had expired,
and because a little alteration
(or may be improvement) was made,
and a fresh patent, not merely for
the alteration, but for the whole
machine was granted—and this was
a "Patent Wrong."

Other reaping machine makers
sprang up like mushrooms, and
each claiming a patent—for what?
Not for any new principle or new
 motive power (for to McCormick
was justly granted that patent),
and they all got patents, every one
of which is a patent wrong.

If a reaper has a newly-invented
machine, and, dispensing with man-
ual labor, let the rake be patented,
but not the whole machine, because
of the rake—such is a patent
wrong.
The public ought to have derived
the full benefit, years ago, of these
inventions. McCormick was amply
remunerated, long since, for his
invention, and the public ought not
to pay over \$200 for what cost \$45
to construct.

Before finishing this article, I
would mention an article which at
home illustrating the working of
the patent law, and how it is abused.
and just such evenly distributed
over the country. A new inven-
tion in a chain. A brain little big-
ger than the mosquito's would be
sufficient to accomplish the inven-
tion. The noble inventor started
out and in three days visited five
counties and sold his rights, in
1873, for \$150 each, and he had
returned with \$500 cash for three
days' traveling. The crank or turn-
about handle was the most ingeni-
ous part of his machine.

Farmers, you should petition the
Legislature for a revision of the
patent laws. A thousand little
trumpety patents, with not half
the merit of McCormick, are in-
fusing upon our countrymen a
habit of paying for what they can
make for you poor and keep you so.
—Cor. Farmers' Union.

SCHULENBURG.

Established in 1856.

BOECKELER & CO.

Manufacturers of

LUMBER.

And dealers in

DRY GOODS

CLOTHING.

NOTIONS.

Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes

HARDWARE,

TINWARE,

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE

GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS,

All kinds of

Oils, Fancy Soaps, &c.

Representative of

STILLWATER, MINN.

NOTICE.

We have on hand quite a lot of good

BATTEUX

FOR SALE. Further in want of some mill and

WALKER, JUDD & YEAZIE

Marble Mills, Minn., Feb. 27, 1874.

WM. A. VAN SLYKE & CO.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Wholesale Dealers in

GRAIN AND PRODUCE,

and all kinds of

THE MAGIC

SPRING BED.

Only 3.50!

Why will you sleep on a hard bed when

you can have the EASIEST and MOST

DURABLE SPRING BED in the market

for \$3.50? It is the first of the

kind ever offered in this market. The first

one ever sold in Stillwater was March 16,

1874.

Take one and try it, it will cost

you nothing.

Every bed warranted for three years. Sold

by E. C. OLIPHANT, Residence 242

1/2 North Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Old

beds will receive prompt attention.

Patent applied for.

We also sell the Excelsior Clock.

Price \$1.50.

SEEDS

Tree, Field, Fruit,

Garden & Flow-

er Seeds.

RELIABLE & STANDARD.

Catalogue FREE. Apply to

L. B. WAIT,

Seed Store, Fourth Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Cascade Mills,

Oreco, Wisconsin.

All kinds of

FLOUR & FEED

Continuously on hand and for sale.

MART. MOWER

Dealer in

GROCERIES,

DRY GOODS

AND

HARDWARE,

MOWER'S BLOCK,

Chestnut St., Stillwater, Minn.

SAFES

Bank Locks, Vault Work

And all other kinds of Job Printing, at

5 per cent. Discount

From previous prices.

We have the best facilities for turning out

FIRST CLASS WORK,

and our prices will always be as

LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Remember these facts when in need of any thing

to be printed and

GIVE US A CALL

SEWARD & TAYLOR.

STILLWATER, MINN.

WANTED

All the people of the city and vicinity to know that

Moore & Kinsella

Are offering goods at remarkably

LOW PRICES

At their new store in the Wolf, Tanager & Co. block.

The following is a list of prices of some of our

leading articles:

Extra U. Sugar, 75 pounds for \$1.

Coffee, best Java, 25 lbs for \$1.

Coffee, best Java, 25 lbs for \$1.

Golden Syrup, 75 cents a gallon.

Amber Syrup, 90 cents a gallon.

Best Silver Syrup, \$1 a gallon.

TEAS—Japan, 75 lbs. best, \$1.25.

70 c; best, \$1.25; Green, \$1.25, \$1.25, \$1.25.

At correspondingly low prices.

Vegetables of all kinds

Continuously on hand.

Full Weight & Measure Guar-

anteed.

All goods not giving satisfaction may be returned

at our expense, goods delivered to purchasers in

the city, free of charge.

MOORE & KINSELLA.

Stillwater, Jan. 15, 1874.

WANTED

Immediately

A CORRESPONDENT &

AGENT

In Every Township in

WASHINGTON COUNTY,

Who can service will be liberally rewarded.

Address, **SEWARD & TAYLOR,**

Stillwater, Minn.

Livery Stable

BY C. A. BROMLEY.

Chesnut Street, between Main and Second,

STILLWATER, MINN.

Best of Horses & Carriages

always on hand for the accommodation of

TOURISTS AND PLEASURE TRIPPER.

SUN DIALS.

The subscriber is now prepared to manufacture

sun dials in diameters. These dials will

be made in the most perfect manner, and

will be made in the most perfect manner, and

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The Messenger.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1874.

The District School.

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Don't you hear the children coming,
Coming in school!

Don't you hear the master drumming
On the window with his rule!

Master drumming, children coming
Into school!

Tip-toed figures reach the catch,
Tiny fingers clutch the latch;

Curly-headed girls throng in
Lily-crests from tall and sin;

Bringing breaths of winter weather,
Bringing baskets Indian-checked,

Dinners in them softly wrecked,
Rudely-handed, mittens off,

Soldiers from the Malakoff!

Built of snow and marble white,
Bunches shining in the hair;

Marked with many a dot and dot
Off the ice-cream cannon shot!

Hear the gunners rally out!
See the gunners rally out!

Charge upon the battle-axe—
School is called, and battle o'er!

SCHOOL TIME.

Don't you hear the scholars thrumming!

Thrum-thrum in June!

All the leaves together thrumming,
Singers hunting for a tune!

Master mending pens, and humming
Bonny Doon!

Here a scholar, looking solemn,
Blunders up a crooked column—

Picks a pen from the desk and dot
Dance on state to half an hour.

Figures pelt a mighty sum;
Writes a finger, down they come!

Apprenticed arching, aged five,
Youngest in the humming hive,

Standing by the Master's knee,
Casts the roll of A, B, C.

Frightened hair all blown about,
Dropters tips in half a foot,

Knuckle boring out an eye,
Feeling "D" and thinking "pie,"

Saying for a speckled bean,
"What chest breaths do you mean,

Like around, but going yet,
He slowly ticks the alphabet:

"A—B—C—D—E—F—G—H—
Finds the bean and calls for "G."

See the creature in the floor—
Slender line from desk to door,

First meridian of the school—
Which the scholars follow the rule,

Ranged along in rigid row,
Inky, golden, brown and low,

Heads of speckled hair and low,
Licking in music sweet as June,

Dotting off a dancing tune.

Boy of Bashan takes the lead—
Roughly dashed his bullet head—

At the foot an eight-year-old,
Stands with head of trembling gold;

Watch her when the word is raised!
Her eyes are like an emerald's shade,

Her fingers dove-like, lips apart;
She knows that very word by heart!

And swings like any pendulum,
Travelling till it fall to come,

Rans the word along the line,
Like the running of a vine,

Blossoms out from lip to lip—
Till the girl in azure slip

Catches breath and spells the word!
Flits up the class like any bird,

And proudly stands where Bashan
stood!

Evening redness on the wall—
"Attention!" Now—"Obsecration!"

The girls' short dresses touch the door;
They drop their courtesies at the door;

The boys' jerk bows with jack-knife
springs;

Out of doors they all take wing!
—B. F. Taylor in Scribner's Monthly.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

The Rev. Robert Hyde was a
graduate of both Amherst and An-

dover. His parents, who had made
great sacrifices to give him such

advantages, looked forward to his
becoming a shining light in the

church, and even had hoped that
the first pulpit of Boston would be

open to him when he left the
seminary. But, alas for the vanity

of human expectations, his ser-
mons were only dry statements of

the views of Edwards and Stuart;
and after preaching as "candidate"

in several large towns, only to be
rejected, disappointed and done

with ambition, he drifted into the
small, remote parish of Marston,

where kindness and frequent pas-
toral visits were more highly prized

than powerful discourses. His
slender salary was eked out by the

production of the garden and field
belonging to the parsonage, the

tiling of which occupied his leisure
hours, and having, through his labors,

and then to "exchange" with some
brother minister as unknown and

unexpected as himself.

Mrs. Hyde was an amiable, in-

dustrous woman, never absent
from the parsonage, and in the

sewing circle and in the family
thrifty household cares. Their

children were Bessie, a grave, pa-
tient, gentle girl of ten, with a

round, innocent face, brown curls,
and an appealing look in her blue

eyes that went straight to your
heart; and Baby Will, a venturesome

little fellow, just entered his second
year, and who went far to prove

the theory of some scientific philo-
sopher, that children inherit the

dominant rather than the active facul-
ties of father and mother.

Such was the Hyde family when,
at nine years old, I went to Mar-

ston to spend the summer with my
aunt, and was their next-door

neighbor; and this was the way
Bessie and I became acquainted.

I had been three days at my aunt's,
and had gone through and

through the rooms, and explored
the garret, and examined over and

over again the few picture-books
among the old volumes on the

hanging shelves. I had found
every nook of the garret, and

counted and fed the chickens, and
seen the cows milked, and

looked with the two gray kittens,
and the cat, shared at our fami-

larity, had carried them to their
inaccessible nest in the barn; and

I was beginning to be weary of
the stillness, broken only by the

ticking of the tall clock in the cor-
ner, and thinking rather sadly of

Ned and Fanny at home, when my
aunt looked up from her work and

said: "You feel lonesome, don't you,
Mary? Put on your bonnet and

go out and play with Bessie Hyde.
There she is drawing her little

brother up and down the path."

Charmed with the prospect of
company and yet a little afraid of

strangers, I set out with my auger,
and going cautiously to the

foot of the garden, looked through
the palings at Bessie. There she

stood, in her dark gingham gown
and Shaker bonnet, her brown curls

clustering in her neck and her
cheeks flushed with the efforts to

please Master Will, who sat at
her feet and patted her hair with

an erect and proud in his clumsy
way as if he had been heir to all the

Bessie. She came and now and
then looked timidly toward me;

and I knew not how long we should
thus have regarded each other but

for a great orange-spotted butter-
fly came fluttering over the walk

and alighted on a currant bush just
beside the wagon. The baby

shouted with delight, and held out
his hands to catch the dazling

creature; when away it flew above
my head and disappeared in the

oak orchard. The child set up a
scream of vexation that might have

been heard through the village, and
scorned all his sister's attempts to

console him. A device occurred to
me. The minister's garden had

only a few pale flowers; but my
aunt's was gay with various blooms.

I ran to the beds and plucked a
rosy twig of the brightest roses,

columbines, scarlet geraniums, and
harrying through the gate and

along the path, laid them down
before the minister's house. He

looked up, laughed in spite of his
tears, and then, gathering them in a

bundle, he went to his room, and
placed them on the mantel.

"Thank you," said Bessie, from
under her bonnet.

"How long he did seem!" said I.

"Was the butterfly made him?"

answered Bessie. And from that

moment we were friends.

The next Monday morning I

went with Bessie to the village
school, and found it so attractive

that I continued to accompany her
all the summer. The Marston chil-

dren were rather rough in their
ways; but we had rare fun during

the noon recess, and there was really
only one scholar of whom we

were afraid—Tom Stevens, a rude,
mischievous boy, from the tavern

at the end of the street, who de-
lighted in tormenting all weaker

and younger than himself. His
heavy Bessie was in mortal terror

of him, and so he was always

teasing her; but when John Farley
found out anything, Tom was sure

to get his deserts. John Farley
was the Deacon's son, a tall, hand-

some, athletic boy of thirteen, full
of mirth and daring generosity.

Since the landing of the Mayflower
there could not have been found a

man more right and exacting in
family discipline than his worthy

father. And because John was
reverent under some constraint, he

came once again away to the
next town, to see a traveling cir-

cus, to which he had been denied
admission; and because one sum-

mer Sunday morning, in the middle
of Mr. Hyde's third sermon on the

doctrine of election, looking to-
ward the door, he saw his dog

slipping solemnly in the doorway,
and before he thought, snatched his

fingering, so that Philo came bounding
and barking up the aisle—because

of these and similar misadventures,
people shook their heads when

they spoke of him, and prophesied
that he would come to no good end.

It was often away from school,
lovely with hooding or hugging on

his father's arm; but when he re-
turned to his first care was to learn

what had happened while he was absent.

"Look here, Bessie," he would
say, beckoning her aside, "what has

happened at school? Has the mas-

ter said at you? or pulled your
hair? or pinched you? or did your

bonnet? If he has I'll break him!

"I have not found you in your
room before. Is there anything

you would like?"

"Nothing, thank you," said I.

"I am glad you are comfortable
here," he replied, and passing me,

he passed out.

I remained lost in thought, and
then suddenly said to myself: "Is

Bessie Hyde like this? Is Bessie
Hyde like this? Is Bessie Hyde

like this? Is Bessie Hyde like this?
This place must be near her home. Can

it be possible it is Bessie Hyde's?

Hurrying to the door, I saw her
standing at the lower end of the

hall with Bridget, who was saying:
"I am ready for the sheets now,

Miss Hyde." Then I was almost
sure it was she, and a moment later

I had crossed the hall and stood
before her, and she was saying:

"I have recognized each other
as the Bessie and Mary of the old

days at Marston."

That night, while the house be-
low was given up to witless and

nocturnal, Bessie sat with me in
my room, and with the storm

beating against the windows, told
me the story of her life for twenty

years. And this was its sum: She
had missed me sadly after I left,

and hoped for my return; but when
my aunt died and my father

left her alone, she felt so lonely
and so sad, that she was going to

great way off, she had never ex-
pected to see me again. John

Farley, really wishing, she believed,
to be a dutiful son, but unhappy

from his dull, restricted life, had
stayed at home, trying to be con-

cent, till he was eighteen. Then
came the death of his mother, an

affectionate woman, who always
made the best of her boy and

smoothed many a hard place for
him with his father; and when, a

year later, the Deacon announced
his intention of exposing Miss

Hannah Means, a prime, sharp,
managing person, who had worn

the same long face ever since John
could remember and who did not

hesitate to say that Miss Farley
had always been too soft spoken

with John, and that "what he

stood in her shoes" she should
"give him such training as he ought

to have had while he was younger,"
John didn't wait for her discipline;

but the night before the wedding,
taking with him what little money

he possessed and bidding only
Bessie good bye, he stole off to

Portsmouth and left the old day
with a young man of his acquaint-

ance for Colorado. For three
years he had a hard time. Then he

found business in Denver, and was
prospering there, when he lost

everything in a fire. Since then
their only tidings of him were that

he had gone to California. Her
brother grew into a very promising

ambitious boy, and all the hope
her father had based for himself

sprang into new life for his son.
He was carefully educated and

entered college at a very early age;
but from over exertion his brain

became diseased and he died at
the beginning of his sophomore

year. Her father, who had for
some time been in feeble health,

did not long survive the shock of
his death, and a few months later

her grief-stricken mother was laid
beside them in the village church-

yard. When the minister's small
estate was settled, it was found

that only about a thousand dollars
remained for Bessie, who soon took

up her abode with a cousin of her
father's, in a town thirty miles

from Marston. Not wishing to be
a burden to her kinsman, for two

years she had taught the village
school; and this summer having

been a housekeeper was waiting at
the Board's Head Hotel, which

was but a short drive from her
new home, she had sought and ob-

tained the situation.

"Bessie," said I when she had fin-

ished, and had talked a little
while about her own family—"Bessie,"
(for I didn't wish to speak at

once of John), "I wonder you
haven't married. I am sure it hasn't

been for lack of lovers."

"No," she replied after a moment's
silence. "There were two, either of

whom my cousin thought would
have been a desirable match for

me; and, as they made no secret
of the matter themselves, I am at

liberty to speak of them. The first
was Tom Stevens, who used to

tease me so; a very good man
now and the owner of the principal

store in the village. The other was
my father's successor in the minis-

try, a widower with two girls. I
like Tom and I have great respect

for Mr. Farley; but, Mary, I must
tell you my whole heart. I have

never loved any one but John;
and I am sure, if he is living, he

loves me. When he went away, he
told me to wait for him, if it was

ten years. Until his misfortune at
Denver he wrote to me very often;

but since then he has written but
once. I sometimes fear he is

dead; but I would rather remem-
ber him than to marry any other

man in the world!"

What a sweet, what a pure
in her face, her voice, as she said

this. The very wild lull to list-
en to her words, and in my heart

I prayed: "God grant John Farley
may be alive and true!"

After this Bessie spent every
evening with me, either in my room

or walking on the grassy plot that
looked over the sea. We talked of

a thousand things; and I found her
the same genial, affectionate com-

panion she had been in early days.
I made me bed in look forward to

the next day, and the village, when
they found what a substantial, dig-

nified man he had become, and
especially when they found he had

paid off the mortgage which had
worried his father for so many

years, were ready to praise as
they had once been to blame.

The wedding took place on a
golden morning of late September,

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The Messenger.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1874.

LOCAL NEWS.

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The strawberry and ice cream festival given by the ladies of the Myrtle Street Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday evening, was a complete success. The evening was one of the warmest of the season, and the cool delicious viands offered by the ladies disappeared as rapidly as hot cakes at a country picnic.

The family friend. This is the title of a little work prepared by the ladies of the Myrtle Street Presbyterian Church, and is to be used in furnishing the new church. The book is appropriately named, being a collection of recipes for the preparation of all kinds of articles for the table. These recipes are divided into proper headings, being 25 for soups and meats, 27 for biscuits and bread, 27 for cake, 49 for puddings and pies, 14 for pickles, 18 for jellies and creams, and 31 miscellaneous. Nearly all of the recipes are prepared by the ladies of the church, the others being selected, and we do not at all have the practical. Between the different divisions are blank pages on which may be written new recipes from time to time. One dollar is the price of the book, which is certainly quite reasonable.

New Barber Shop. H. Brady, of St. Paul, has opened a barber shop in the Minnesota House block, opposite J. W. Pasmore's, and solicits a share of the business in his line. His establishment is neatly fitted up with all the conveniences. Special attention paid to the cutting of children's and dressing ladies hair. Prices reasonable.

Special Sale of Ribbons. G. W. Hale & Co. will continue the special sale of Ribbons for several days in room on Myrtle Street next door to Dr. Pratt's office. Ladies in want of choice ribbons should call early and secure the best. The stock consists of Gray, Green, White, and Black, and the price is 25 cents per yard for all widths and colors. Also, 600 yards of choice silk ribbons at 75 cents per yard.

Narrow Escape. What might easily have been a terribly fatal accident, was averted by a little boy, James Armstrong, aged 18 months, was rescued by the mother, in going to search for him she observed the strange actions of the dog. A short distance from the house, Mrs. Armstrong hastened to the fatal spot and her natural fears were too terribly realized. Her only and infant son lay lifeless by the side of a small running stream, having, it is supposed, fallen helplessly into the water, and amid its drying struggles was rescued by the timely help of the faithful animal. These providences which such mysterious coincidences which the old times are called to chronicle.

The following are the bills allowed at the recent session of the County Commissioners: J. H. Smith, services as County Commissioner and attending to cases, \$5.00; J. H. Smith, services as County Commissioner, \$4.40; J. H. Smith, services as County Commissioner, \$6.00; G. W. Hattie, work on Court House, \$8.00; F. M. Melville, services as Co. Com. and attending party in Cottage Grove, \$4.62; Pioneer Printing Co., bound books for Auditor, \$7.25; Press Printing Co., bound books for Auditor, \$7.25; Wm. Bachmann, Constable fees, \$5.85; J. A. Johnson, Sheriff fees, \$150.45; Messengers, Constable fees, \$5.45; B. A. Kemp, Constable fees, \$5.45; A. G. Gillett, Justice fees, \$2.00; Myron Shepard, Justice fees, \$2.00; Treasurer's office, and field notes, \$102.65; Dr. J. H. M. Gass, medical services, \$18.00; B. Whitely, Constable fees in 1872, \$2.00.

Personal. Mr. Wetzel and niece of St. Louis, Mrs. W. Wetzel of Fulton, Ill., Mrs. Fannie Pease, sister of Mrs. E. W. Durant, are visiting with Mr. Durant's family.

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The meeting of the Silverate Grange tomorrow will be of unusual interest, and a full attendance is desired. The newwritten work of the order will be more fully exemplified, and Hon. Ebenezer Ayres, Deputy Grand Master of Minnesota, will be present in an official capacity.

The 3 o'clock train from St. Paul, on Monday, became disconnected a few miles from this city, when on a long down grade. The separation was at once discovered by the fireman and conductor, and the several engines were kept at a safe distance until a level track was reached, when they were again coupled and reached this city on time without further accident.

The strawberry and ice cream festival given by the ladies of the Myrtle Street Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday evening, was a complete success. The evening was one of the warmest of the season, and the cool delicious viands offered by the ladies disappeared as rapidly as hot cakes at a country picnic.

Let ask your druggist for health to pain! It will cure you of all your pains. Used internally and externally. Use freely if it fails your money will be refunded.

A. V. Blair, the reputed felon of White Bear Lake, the subject of many wandering editorial notices and other news, called upon us yesterday and assured us that so far as is known he is not in the city. He says that the nearest he came to the fact was on the day mentioned, or on any other day, at White Bear Lake or at any other place, that he was not there.

On Monday Richard Clifford and Henry Myrre, both drunk, had a lively skirmish for which the former was fined \$7 and costs, and the latter \$5 and costs.

On Wednesday, A. Eldridge, for indecent behavior, was fined \$40 and sentenced to 30 days imprisonment. The fine was paid, but on petition of one of our friends the sentence was remitted after defendant had served nearly 24 hours in jail.

This town, Palis was yesterday allowed to leave town or go to jail for the offense of lashing in the lake at the foot of Chestnut Street. He concluded to leave town.

Violent Rain Storms. Two of the most violent rain storms known in this section for the past twelve or fifteen years took place this week, one on Monday morning, and one yesterday. The rain came down in torrents, filling the gutters and carrying with it so much sand as to choke the sewers. In some places the stone gutters were undermined, and in others gravel and a large stock of lumber were washed away from the center of the street.

The storm yesterday was even more disastrous in its effects than the one on Monday. Chestnut street sewer was quickly filled with sand, and the water formed a little lake at the crossing of Main and Chestnut street, as it hurried toward the lake. The guttering on the north side of Chestnut street near the American express office being undermined, the water poured into the low ground between Main street and St. Louis alley to a depth of several feet.

The fire on the 4th at White Bear Lake is talked of by the 24 Presbyterian Sabbath School.

A picnic on the 4th at White Bear Lake is talked of by the 24 Presbyterian Sabbath School.

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"The Color Guard."

This simple drama, abounding in humorous and pathetic as well as tragic incidents, was placed on the stage for the first time in this city at Hersey & Staples' Hall on Wednesday evening.

The first scene opens in a little town in Southern Ohio at the outbreak of war. The news of the attack of Sumter is received, and the majority resolve that "the Union must and shall be preserved," and a few declare their intention to draw sword for the South. One of the latter is "Alfred Thornton," finely performed by Chas. Bennett. The hot blood of the staunch Unionists broke out in a fit of rage, and the Union must and shall be preserved, and a few declare their intention to draw sword for the South.

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